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STARVATION'S SHADOW





The Salvation Army



A CHRISTMAS GUEST



A PORTION OF THE 2,000 CHRISTMAS BASKETS



THE ONE MEAL OF THE YEAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE NEW ENGLAND STATES
Number 850 Washington Street

Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1903.

Dear Friend:-

Enclosed you will find extracts from the press relative to the dinners given on Thanksgiving, as also last Christmas Day--which dinners were only made possible through the generosity of our friends whom we most gratefully thank.

The accompanying brochure sets forth incidents that many of us who are well-fed, well clothed and housed are not familiar with.

It is an awful fact that right in our very midst, within a stone's throw of many of us, the lean, gaunt spectre of starvation stalks in and out of hundreds of homes. He comes where the father and bread-winner has been taken down by sickness. He is seen in the homes of the fatherless and widows, and heeds not the orphan's cry for bread. His visits are frequent to the home where the father has passed the "dead line," or in other words "too old" for his employer. He is well known in the homes of drunken parents, or where the father is sent to prison, which calamity does not in any way lessen the needs of the wives and children. He comes to the old and infirm, to the sick and the afflicted, and in such homes the receiving and exchanging of Christmas gifts is an unknown joy. What to many of us are the ordinary things of life would be to them luxuries indeed.

On Christmas Day we want to send out baskets of food to the homes of the poor, sufficient for 15,000 people. To those who have no homes we wish to provide dinners from 3,000 to 5,000.

We desire to give Christmas gifts to not less than three thousand poor children. To see some of the little tots receiving a doll for the first time in their lives--is a sight never to be forgotten, and well repays those who have made sacrifices for the gifts. Garments will be given to the ragged, shoes to the shoeless, and coal to the fireless homes.

Preceding Christmas, and along through the winter months hundreds of homes will be visited; warm clothing and groceries, etc., will be sent out to meet the needs of the cold, shivering, destitute women and children.

It is your great privilege and mine to relieve some of the misery and suffering that exists; to banish some of the sorrows; to bring cheer to some of the hopeless and despairing of life. Will you co-operate with us in this privilege, and in doing so, make the Christmas of others, as well as that of your own, more enjoyable by realizing how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. In thankful anticipation,

Sincerely yours,

William D. Evans
Colonel.

HV 7346. 67

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STARVATION'S SHADOW

UPON NEW ENGLAND'S POOR

Salvation Army



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matthew 25: 40.

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WAITERS AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1902.

GIFT
S. A. GREEN,
DEC 7 1909



“In Starvation’s Shadow.”



A PATHETIC STORY OF ADVERSITY RELATED TO A
SALVATION ARMY OFFICER.



AS Mrs. Ferris, one of the Salvation Army officers, was proceeding to her post of duty she was accosted by a stalwart policeman who said, “Excuse me please, Mrs. Ferris, I wanted to speak to you about a young woman. She has been arrested with her husband for vagrancy. They have been found sitting night after night on the park benches ; they have no home, no money, and it would seem no friends, and — well, you know, Mrs. Ferris, what the law says about that kind of people, that is, if we do our duty.”

Hastening with the officer, Mrs. Ferris threw a swift glance at the wan, worn, pallid face, hidden in the shade of the cell before them. “And she looks young; what is it?” she asked of the officer. “Just what I told you, Mrs. Ferris, vagrancy; but though I had to do my duty, I am honestly sure that both of them, husband and wife, are straight, and that is why I thought I’d speak to you.” “Thank you,” said Mrs. Ferris, “I am sure you have done a kindly act.”

Going straightway to the officer in charge, and gaining permission to speak to the young woman in question, she was soon convinced that here indeed was a real tragedy in everyday life.



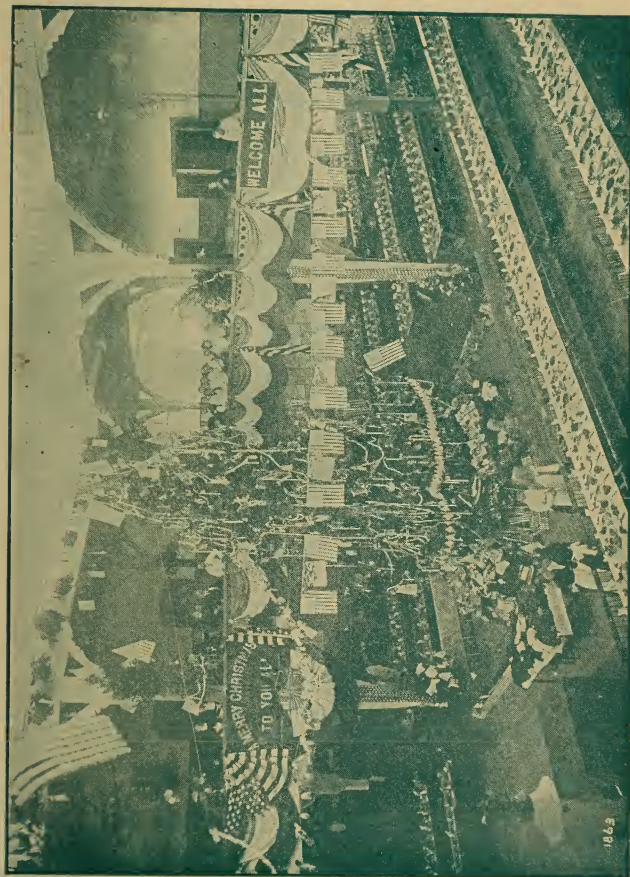
**“ Please give me some
more turkey.”**

In the men's section was the young husband, himself as pallid, worn and wan as the wife, and who by misfortune had long been out of work.

This is the story : They had married young, and when the husband broke down, the brave young wife had undertaken, cheerfully and bravely, to help him out. She had secured work in a steam laundry, and together they pinched and scraped, until he would be in a better position to take his place as home maker. So they lived until a sad day brought a bitter stroke. Toiling bravely at her machine in the laundry, the hapless young wife met with an accident that so crushed her right hand that she could no longer use it. They had made a modest little home nest, but now bit by bit it was rent asunder, until there was nothing left, and when the detestable landlady flung out an infamous suggestion as to the ease with which the young wife could live if she so wished, the stricken husband and wife took hands and went into the streets, not knowing whither to turn. Their few personal belongings they sold for food. As for the rest of it, they walked all nights so long as they could, then they sat upon benches in a park, until they were ordered to move on. That was their life for many weeks, he sick, she crippled; yet under the eye of God both unstained ; so they sat through many a winter's night, until they were repeatedly recognized and finally arrested as vagrants.

That brave little wife is with Jesus to-day. Weakened by starvation, sapped even to her vitals by continued exposure, though everything was done for her and an excellent position found for her husband, she never recovered from the effects of those winter nights upon the park benches.

“ I met the husband the other day,” said Mrs. Ferris recently ; “ he cried like a child in trying to tell me some of her last words, and of the new love which God had shed into her heart, and through hers into his own.”



VIEW OF TREE AND TABLES, XMAS, 1902.



“Went to Roof to Starve.”

After a week's vain effort to get work, starving and footsore, Charles M'Kenna crept up to the roof top at 42 Battery Street, yesterday morning, to sleep, where he was found in almost a delirium at 9.50 o'clock yesterday morning by a frightened Italian woman, who at once notified the police. He was taken to the Relief Station, where the doctors held out little hope for his recovery.

“Good coffee you serve here.”

Two nights he slept at the Wayfarers' Lodge, and then was told not to come again. Without a friend in the city, or a place where he might rest his head, he was driven from place to place, frequently taking refuge in a tumbled-down shed near the entrance of the East Boston Ferry. On Wednesday night, however, the watchman saw him creeping in just before 12 o'clock, and fearful of fire, drove him from the place.

The doctors at the Relief Station say that M'Kenna is suffering from exhaustion and starvation. He had evidently not eaten anything for several days.—*From Boston Post, October 17, 1903.*



“Italian Probably Starved.”

A probable case of starvation was that of Matteo Carmealo, an Italian, aged forty, who was found dead in his bed at 38 Pitts Street. Carmealo was a peddler, and used to sell trinkets, pencils and the like around the streets, securing what pittance he could to keep body and soul together.

It was noticed that the man has been failing fast for the past few days, and that his sales were gradually growing less and less. Early on this morning the landlord of the place on Pitts Street went to Carmealo's room to call the man and found him dead.—*From Boston Evening Record, October 26, 1903.*

“Young Woman Found Starving.”

A police patrol from Station 3 drove up to the Char-don Street Home with a delicate-looking and modestly dressed woman of thirty-three, who was found lying in the street outside her home on Nashua Street yesterday morning in an insensible and starving condition. When she revived sufficiently to speak she gave her name as Mrs. Alice Stark, 62 Nashua Street, and said that her husband had disappeared a few days ago, after having disposed of

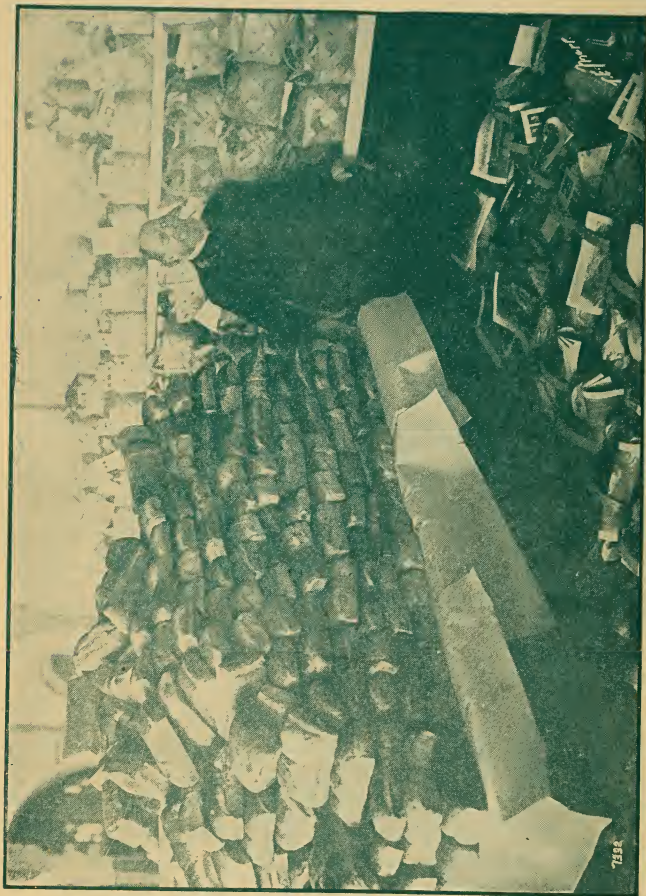
all the furniture, leaving her in a precarious condition, with nothing to subsist on. Her landlord would not listen to her case and forced her to leave the rooms she had been occupying, because she was unable to pay the rent. She is now in the hospital suffering from severe bronchial trouble and exhaustion, caused by her recent experiences. — *From Boston Post, October 4, 1903.*



“I like the oranges best.”

“Cripple Dies of Starvation.”

Helplessly crippled and unable to earn a living, but too proud to accept it from others, an Italian was found dead in a poorly furnished attic in the top of a boarding house in the West End yesterday morning. Three weeks previous the dead man came to the house emaciated with some serious illness, without friends or money. He grew weaker every day, and was unable towards the last to make more than a few pennies each day, not enough to provide for a sick man, so that he actually starved to death for want of proper nourishment. The landlord told the police and officers that



BREAD AND PART OF THE 2,000 CHRISTMAS BASKETS, 1902.

Each Basket Contained: 1 4-lb. Chicken, 1 Loaf Bread, 1-4 pk. Potatoes, 1-4 lb. Coffee, 1 Pie, 1 Bunch Celery, 1 qt. Cranberries, 1 Turnip, 5 Apples or Oranges, Nuts and Candies.

he had offered to assist the man, both financially and by giving him food, but he had refused all offers, saying he was all right, but sick.— *From Boston Post, October 27, 1903.*



A Last Christmas Incident.



Weakened by exposure, fainting from starvation and loss of sleep, a woman last year attended our Christmas dinner, bearing in her arms an infant but a few weeks old. With faltering steps she came to the Mechanic's

The one feast of the year.

Building on Christmas morning to avail herself of the privilege of a Christmas basket, but the strain was too much for her, and just as she got within the doors and was about to take the coveted prize she staggered and was about to fall, when Colonel Evans, who was standing near by, rushed to her and supported her in his arms. The little child was taken care of by one of our tender-hearted lassies, and its little body was so emaciated from exposure that a physician who was present said it was the most pitiable sight he had ever seen.

The woman was revived and cared for, and it was found that all the clothing she had on was a thin cotton wrapper, while her shoes were thin and worn and soaked with icy water. Perhaps this woman was not one of the "deserving poor," as she evidently had been drinking, but she was hungry and sick and almost naked. Let us on the day we celebrate as the birthday of the Friend of sinners do our utmost to show the Christ love to the destitute and despairing.



THE BASE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE, 1902.

This shows a few of the 1,500 Dolls and Other Toys given the 3,000 Poor Children.

The Salvation Army's Christmas Work.

The foregoing record of "Starvation's Shadow" has been selected at random from the newspapers of the past few weeks, in the busy, bustling, wealthy and cultured city of Boston, and oh, that we could only know the HIDDEN tales of sorrow and starvation kept silently beneath the breast of the suffering father, mother or little child!



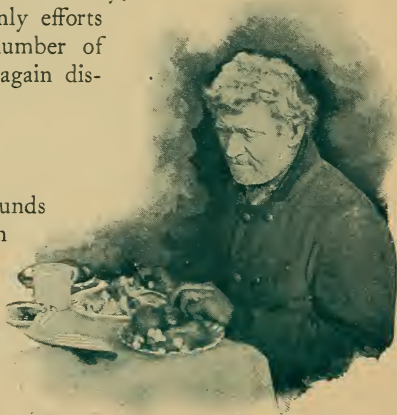
Last Christmas, in Boston alone, more than ten thousand uncooked Christmas dinners were distributed to over two thousand needy or destitute families. Each basket contained not only a fine plump four-pound chicken, but potatoes, cranberries, celery, a loaf of bread, one pie, coffee, nuts and candy, apples and oranges, and little can we tell the deep joy they caused in the hundreds and thousands of homes into which they were received.



This year our officers are already at work, visiting from house to house in the poorest sections of the city, and through their skilful, womanly efforts we expect to find fully this number of needy families to whom we will again distribute the Christmas baskets.

More than eight thousand pounds of chicken were used last year in filling the Christmas baskets.

In addition to this there were two thousand pounds of turkey served at the tables in the Mechanic's Building to more than four thousand hungry, destitute men, women and children.



A good square meal.



**"Can I have another
piece of pie?"**

The ragged, the shoeless and the destitute will be there, and to those most needy will be given hundreds of garments and shoes.

In addition to all that has been done for adults, we expect that no less than 3,000 of the poor children in Boston will look to us for Christmas joy. A mammoth Christmas tree, larger than ever before, will be erected in the Mechanic's Building, which will be crowded from floor to topmost spray with thousands of dolls, picture books, games and other delights so dear to the child's heart.

The sights we saw last Christmas were many of them touching in the extreme. How the poorly, but neatly dressed mother with her dear little children came to receive their only Christmas gifts, their real tears of joy at seeing the little ones provided for at this time when all is joy and gladness, and without which theirs would have been but misery and woe!

Our friends are urgently asked to contribute as much as possible in the line of clothing, shoes, etc., for men, women and children. Warm blankets and other clothing are specially needed, and through the distribution of goods of this kind during the severe months of winter, as well as at Christmastime, we have been enabled to bring help and cheer to thousands of the most needy and destitute.

This year the Mechanic's Building on Huntington Avenue has been secured for the Salvation Army's Christmas.

At 8.30 A. M. will be the distribution of the Christmas baskets.

11 A. M. Distribution of gifts from the mammoth Christmas tree to 3,000 children.

12.30 P. M. The public dinner to 4,000 poor.



STARVING AT SEVENTY.

He splits kindling to earn a few cents to keep himself and aged wife from starving.



How to Help.

Make your check or money order payable to "The Salvation Army, Inc.," and mail to Colonel William Evans, 850 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Should more be received than is necessary for the Christmas work, the balance will be used for our winter relief and other work.

Solid Comfort.

Mechanic's Building, Boston, December 25, 1903.
20,000

Will have to be provided for. This is what it will take:

10,000 pounds potatoes.	3,000 pounds mixed nuts.
10,000 pounds chicken.	3,000 pounds mixed candy.
3,000 pounds turkey.	60 boxes oranges.
3,000 loaves bread.	35 barrels apples.
3,500 pies.	500 pairs children's shoes.
2,500 one-half bushel baskets.	100 pairs adults' shoes.
1,500 bunches celery.	500 prs. children's stockings.
30 barrels ground coffee.	5,000 pcs. warm underclothing.
20 bags turnip.	1,000 outer garments.
200 pounds butter.	1,500 dolls.
600 pounds ground coffee.	1,000 miscellaneous toys.
300 gallons made coffee.	1,000 balls.
100 pounds suet.	1,000 games.
3,000 small baskets.	500 hockey sticks.

NOTE.—The half-tone cuts used in this booklet are from actual photographs taken at the Mechanic's Building last Christmas Day by Mr. Thomas E. Marr, photographer, 180 Tremont Street, Boston.

A Few Interesting Facts.

The bread that will be used in the Salvation Army's Christmas work in Boston is of such a quantity that if the loaves could be piled one on top of the other the pile would be more than *five times* as high as the Bunker Hill Monument!



If the turkeys and chickens could be marshalled in single file along Beacon Street they would form an unbroken rank reaching from the Massachusetts State House to Gloucester Street.



A notable guessing contest — how many berries in the thirty barrels needed to make the cranberry sauce for the hungry multitude?



The assortment of 1,500 dolls, 1,000 games, 1,000 balls, 500 hockey sticks and 1,000 miscellaneous toys form an amount about five times as great as the stock of many city toy stores.



These people will all be there.

Winter Visitation and Relief Work.

The indiscriminate giving of charity has undoubtedly done more to encourage poverty than any other one thing. The great problem of to-day is not "how much can I give," but "how wisely." So-called "organized charity" has, in a measure, so entangled its pursestrings in the meshes of official "red tape" that often the need has become a tragedy before relief is forthcoming.

Our methods are quick, sure and effective.

No relief is given until the applicant's home has actually been visited by one of our tactful and sympathetic visitation officers and their need ascertained by actual investigation.

This is done *at once*, and, if *needy*, the relief is immediately provided through groceries, clothing or fuel, as the case may be.

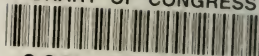
Not only are applications thus dealt with, but our corps and slum officers, together with special staff of visitation officers, are continually working amidst the poorest of our city, bringing cheer and comfort, and finding many cases of acute need amongst those never applying for help to any charitable source, and to such bring substantial aid in such an unassuming manner as to cause neither loss of self-respect nor comment from their neighbors.

In the past year thousands of cases of acute destitution have been found and relieved.

Your money will enable us to do *more* of this work. We have willing hearts and hands, but it takes hundreds and thousands of dollars to achieve *results*.



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